sought after, dispensing embassy hospitality to respectful guests who felt they were imbibing proletarian virtue with their champagne,[18] in a moment degraded, represented as loathsome traitors and criminals—what could it mean?

A government based on terrorism requires constantly to demonstrate its might and resolution. Saint George must continually slay his dragon, the dragon ever growing wearier, Saint George's thrusts ever more mechanical. This continuous performance heartens the mighty in their seats, and awes the humble and meek, besides providing a convenient means of exterminating actual and potential rebels. It is the mysticism of power, in its technique and temper reminiscent of the Book of Revelation, that terrible expression of the human heart's most cruel and destructive appetite, which, being so intense, must be so fantastic in its manifestations. To equate the Book of Revelation with a legal code, to translate its rage into an enlightened judicial procedure, was beyond the ingenuity, if not the credulity, even of most ideologues, though some valiantly tried.

The same tendency to dramatise the conquest and exercise of power soon showed itself in Germany. There, too, Saint George went on skying his dragon with apocalyptic fervour, only in this case it was chiefly Jews, rather than the class enemy, who received his blows, and whose abasement made the mighty conscious of their might and the humble conscious of their humility. Germans, with their love of action, usually preferred a public orgy of slaughter, whereas it suited the Slav temperament better to fabricate a confused fantasy of plots and stratagems, and look forward to inevitable death sentences while demonstrators obediently clamoured for blood, and

the accused vied with one another in proclaiming their guilt and repentance.

[18] Sokolnikov, for some years Soviet Ambassador in London, was recalled in 1932; and there were rumours that he had been arrested, and even executed. To counter these rumours, intourists were taken to see him in his Moscow flat, where, though greenish looking, he was indubitably aKve. With a noticeably mirthless laugh, he would draw his visitors* attention to this fact, and they be suitably impressed. He was disposed of in the 1937 batch of Old Bolsheviks, along with Radek, HatakofF and others.